

STILL FRIVOLOUS DESPITE HIS YEARS IN SOBER BOSTON

Earl Derr Biggers, Humorous Writer, Reminiscent Over College and Newspaper Solemnities, But Believes There's Room for an Occasional Charlotte Russe on the Literary Table.

EARL DERR BIGGERS, who is looked upon as one of the humorists of the year, considers himself a hero because for four solid years he was publicly and shamelessly frivolous in Boston, Mass. This young writer, who has laughed in his magazine career at the tradition-bound standards of Beacon street and who sat in the very shadow of the gold mine of the capital when he wrote his first novel, "Seven Keys of Baldpate," was asked the other day to tell how it occurred.

"Being funny in Boston is a unique experience," said he. "It's like making faces in church. And yet I passed through those four tempestuous years unscathed and came out every bit as plump as I went in. I feel like the young lady who boasted: 'Twenty years in musical comedy and never lost a penny!'"

Mr. Biggers shocked Boston first with a humorous column in a daily newspaper, and later he became dramatic critic for the same paper. Some of the critics' criticisms maintained in very bitter terms that his dramatic writing was merely a continuation of his frivolity.

"I can never think of Boston," said Mr. Biggers, "without recalling a want advertisement I read there once. It ran like this:

"Wanted: A rugged Protestant boy, willing and clean of speech and habits, who can find for himself a comfortable home and earn good wages if he is prepared to show by his actions that he appreciates good treatment and will give in return the services required. General chore work, the care and custody of small pony, etc. Meals will be furnished him, also good room in stable. Reply, giving age, full information regarding antecedents, etc., to—"

"Better than any words I can find, the picture this advertisement calls up

SUFFRAGISTIC LINES FROM 'THE WOMAN WITH EMPTY HANDS.'

FOR the first time I came to the realization of a class of women. To men, I fear, this will seem far fetched, but men so seldom understand that woman is by nature an individualist. She meets her world always in terms of "you and me."

I had grasped the idea of women wholesale. Nor had I yet submerged the sense of social distinctions, so much keener in women than in men, in the greater sense of the common good of all women.

And then there are tens of thousands of matrimonially superfluous women—who is to look after their interests if they don't do it themselves? Did you know that in Massachusetts alone there are 30,000 more women of marriageable age than men, women who can't have husbands there simply because there aren't husbands enough to go round?

I had always had a distinct contempt for old maid. I'd taken it for granted that if a woman wasn't married it was because she hadn't made herself attractive enough. But when you have 30,000 surplus women some are bound to get left but no matter what they do.

With all converts to suffrage that appeal of the Great Sisterhood of Women is to a basic instinct, woman's hunger to be needed.

In women the instinct for service has survived a large part of the need for her former specialized services in the home, but that instinct must satisfy itself somewhere.

Two words were burnt upon my brain. "The Laws"—laws made by men for women that must be unmade by women for women. . . . That night it took on a poignant, insistent, definite meaning, colored with the tragedy of a little ruined life, better dead a thousand times than living with the memories of its past!

not of the sort that easily yields its peculiarities. She coughed and trembled. Dreadful imaginings oppressed her. "If the mother were to come after them now—oh, that terrible woman with the glittering axe! She closed her eyes tightly, full of a horror she had never felt like before—oh, she could not see it again!" But it persisted. It would persist for ever. "Alas! that sight would pursue her even in her dreams. She would not get rid of it until her last hour—never, never again—she would always see that woman with the glittering axe! How could it be forgotten?" It had whizzed close past her head—the draught of air caused by it had made the hair on her temples tremble. It had done nothing to her, it had only buried itself in the doorpost with a loud noise, splashing it. And still she had come to harm. She pressed both her hands to her temples in horror; she would never, never get rid of that fear. She came to be beset by a great many fears. She always had plenty. This particular fear of the woman with the axe was far from being necessary to make up a sufficient equipment.

Little Jean Pierre was taken to Berlin and his name was changed to Wolfgang. Mrs. Schlieben suffered many stabs of pain as he grew and developed a succession of hereditary traits. He fell and cut his head. "The red blood had gushed out as though it were a spring," but he had not complained. Why didn't he cry? "Kate (Mrs. Schlieben) went through the list of her acquaintances; they were not a single child that would not have cried if he had got such a wound." Of course it was the stolid peasant nature. Wolfgang was less sensitive than the better born children. Those other children danced and shouted with joy when they got candy or cake. Not so Wolfgang. He received those agreeable matters in calm silence. He planted vegetables in the garden. This pleased Mrs. Schlieben. "You peasant!" he cried in playful approbation. It was thoughtless of him. Mrs. Schlieben "drew into a passion." "He's a born farmer," said the laughing Mrs. Schlieben on another unguarded occasion. Mrs. Schlieben "turned away as though in pain. She would much rather have seen her son's garden a mass of weeds than that he should plant, weed and water so busily." He was not good at his studies; it could not

DID YOU KNOW THAT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS A SOUTHERNER?

Do you know how full of romance and tragedy was his life? Read the most powerful and heart gripping novel of the year

THE SOUTHERNER

It is an historic revelation—a thrilling story of the Civil War—a wonderful picture of Lincoln the man, and a delicate love story. By

THOMAS DIXON

Illustrated \$1.35 net. Postpaid \$1.47. D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

GRADUATES TO WEAR \$1 GOWNS MADE IN SCHOOL

One Girl of P. S. 110 Outgrows Her Dress During the Making.

The girls who will be graduated from the eighth grade of Public School 110 at Broome and Cannon streets next Tuesday had a dress rehearsal yesterday afternoon in the school yard in the graduation dresses they made for themselves in the school sewing classes.

A dollar was the official limit of cost for each dress. Most of them were of nainsook and ranged from 50 to 80 cents in cost. They were made with a cluster of tucks on each shoulder and above the hem, a double row of insertion round the neck and on the low belt and a hand embroidered design on the front.

The prettiest design was a cluster of butterflies made by the patient fingers of Frieda Wasserman, 14 years old, who earned even the 79 cents her dress cost.

Frieda's father is dying of consumption and so Frieda has spent her afternoons after school and her Saturdays packing nuts in a wholesale confectionery house at \$2 a week.

During Easter vacation week Frieda managed to earn \$3.40.

Pauline Silverman, 17 cent dress, made with lace edged bretelles over the shoulders, was a gift from her sixteen-year-old brother Morris, who is an office boy.

Mamie Goldberg, whose light hair, blue eyes and pink and white complexion show her pure Russian origin, had earned the money for her dress, which had a design of flowers across the front, by taking blind pupils from the school to festivities at the Light-house at 118 East Fifty-ninth street.

There are ten of these blind children in the school, seven of them at the head of their classes.

A class tragedy is the predicament of May Weinberg, who would be the class beauty, if there were any such office, and who has outgrown her dress while she has been making it.

Kate Newman is mayor of the girls under the self-governing system.

Erie Settles With Telegraphers.

It was announced yesterday that the threatened strike of the telegraphers of the Erie Railroad has been averted by an agreement between the road and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. Wages have been advanced about 6 per cent on the average. The agreement is retroactive from May 1 of this year.

THE FAIR GIRL AND THE WHITE HOUND

There is mystery in Frances Forbes Robertson's story of "The White Hound" (Dodd, Mead and Company). At first the reader, as he follows the conversation between Rene and her father, both of them scholars and very subtle philosophers, will think very likely that the tale is only going to be a little queer. "I hate it," says Rene, "she was a very handsome child, with a strange and restless mind. 'Hate what?'" says Mr. Malleon, her profound, simple and adoring father. "The long story of man's cruelty to man—history, the kind, including a somewhat undetermined discussion of the devil, heard coming up the stairs to talk business and the two escape and hide themselves with much glee in a haystack.

The ballad was a dreadful character, greedy, dishonest and merciless. He oppressed the neighborhood. Once in conversation with him Rene was the expression, "like you and I." He was thoroughly detestable and deserved to be pelted with broken grammar. There was an occasion when she pretended to be kind to him in order to turn him from a wicked purpose. "The flames of her eyes burnt into his body—they were caressing." He uttered "a cry, hoarse and awful." He thought he had conquered the beautiful girl, but he was vastly mistaken. Crawley managed, however, to acquire nefariously nearly all of his employer's property. Nothing was left to Mr. Malleon but his life insurance. The word "death" persisted in the mind of Mr. Malleon after his ruin. The story says that he "knocked at the door of his ego." He had heart disease. It was a simple matter after all to provide for his family. The insurance was for \$15,000.

An opinion of the novelist is expressed where she speaks of "an illustrated work of Blake's—the strange drawings of that most wonderful of men." The artist Gray in the story was also quite wonderful; the reader will find himself in a very mysterious atmosphere when he comes to Gray, Rene too, of course, could say remarkable

TRIES TO JUMP 29 STORIES.

Toye Makes Desperate Effort to Escape Deportation.

Edward Toye, 31 years old, alleged to be a notorious Scotch criminal, made a desperate attempt to leap from the twenty-ninth story of the building in course of construction at 61 Broadway, where he was working as a hodcarrier, when Detectives Phelan and Upton of the District Attorney's office appeared to arrest him for deportation at noon yesterday.

Toye ran to a window and was about to plunge off when the detectives grabbed him.

He was taken to the Tombs police court, where Magistrate Green held him for forty-eight hours as a vagrant so that the immigration authorities could deport him.

His arrest was brought about through an anonymous letter received at the District Attorney's office. The writer said that a Scotchman lived at 207 West Fourteenth street who was a dangerous man, unfit to be in the country. He had served six terms in Glasgow prisons, the writer said, and was wanted by the police on the other side.

He has been deported once and twenty-one months ago he slipped back here as a sailor. "I don't care how many times I'm deported," he said to the police yesterday. "I'll always come back to America."

SEX HYGIENE IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

It is to be taught in the upper grades in Chicago.

Chicago, June 20.—Pupils in the upper grades of the public schools of Chicago are to be taught sex hygiene, beginning with the fall term. Lectures by physicians are to be made a part of the course.

The school management committee voted for sex hygiene instruction last night after Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools, had given her approval.

High school pupils need something to "improve their morals," said Mrs. Young. "And sex hygiene instruction has become essential in the upper grades."

CAN'T GIVE THROUGH SERVICE.

Boston and Maine Unable to Lease Hampden Railroad.

The Boston and Maine Railroad has been unable to give up the operation of the Hampden Railroad and the institution of a through service between New York and Boston by that route because of inability to secure the approval of its lease by the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts.

It is necessary that the lease should be approved before the road can be legally operated. The deal had been made possible for the Boston and Maine to get the benefit of the through service for the summer season.

LEDYARD TO TELL OF TENNESSEE COAL DEAL

Attorney Will Be Chief Witness at U. S. Steel Hearing on Wednesday.

Attorneys for the United States Steel Corporation continued their efforts to show that the corporation does not control the production of coke in this country in their defense yesterday in the dissolution suit brought by the Federal Government.

After President Thomas Lynch of the H. C. Frick Coke Company had completed his testimony, John W. Boleau, a coal and coke expert, took the stand and said that subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation owned or controlled 50,000 acres of coke land in Fayette county, Pa. The Government attempted to show that the corporation controlled transportation facilities in such a manner that competing companies were not able to get lines of railroad run through to their districts.

Alfred L. Davis, Eastern manager of the American Bridge Company, a New Jersey subsidiary, was put on the stand to tell of the competition between the different subsidiaries for construction work.

Lewis Cass Ledyard, attorney for Moore & Schley, who took an active part in the sale of the majority of the stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Railway Company to the Steel Corporation, will be called as a witness next Wednesday. The hearing will continue on Monday morning.

Bankrupt to Jail for Contempt.

Louis Appel, a member of the bankrupt firm of Appel Bros., who told United States Commissioner Gleason recently that he squandered the assets of his firm playing poker, was committed by Judge Hand in the United States District Court yesterday to Ludlow street jail for ten days for contempt of court in giving vague testimony.

Reminiscences, Sermons, and Correspondence, Proving Adherence to the Principle of Christian Science.

As Taught by Mary Baker Eddy By Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D.

With 48 Illustrations in Photogravure. 128 pages. Full cloth. Over 1,200 pages. \$3.00 net; \$3.50 per volume.

Out of her religious activities of twenty-nine years under the instruction and leadership of Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mrs. Stetson in this volume has contributed a book of rare worth in the demonstration of divine metaphysics. There are therein set forth the author's experiences in the demonstration of Truth as contained in Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mrs. Eddy; also a valuable collection of sermons, addresses, and letters which elucidate the Principle of Christ's Christianity. The treatise is a contribution to this century which will command the attention of every earnest student of religious development.

At All Bookellers. G. P. Putman's Sons, Publishers

THE FAIR GIRL AND THE WHITE HOUND

By Frances Forbes Robertson

Published by Dodd, Mead and Company

THE PERSISTENT SORROWS OF A FOSTER MOTHER

By Clara Viebig

Published by John Lane Company

THE SOUTHERNER

By Thomas Dixon

Published by D. Appleton & Company

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Elsie Janis, Author of "The Love Letters of an Actress"

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Mr. Biggers laughed. "I didn't become as other men are in Boston. I steadfastly refused to carry a little green bag and peruse the column stories about the day's weather appearing each evening in a certain newspaper. (How it will crop up in any discussion of the town!)"

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"Oh, Biggers, Biggers," he moaned. "Why will you be so contemporary? "It was as though he had said: 'Why will you burn orphan asylums and assassinate blind men for their pennies?'"

"Yet I remained contemporary. I informed my friends that Franklin P. Adams was a better poet than Horace. Richard Harding Davis a better story teller than Oliver Goldsmith. They told each other it was because I came from the wild and untamed West—Ohio. Even so, they did not forgive. I was a literary outcast. They read Keats to one another in the twilight, urging me to leave the room before they began."

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Harold MacGrath, Author of "Parrot & Co."

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George Gibbs, Author of "The Closed Door"

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Karin Michaelis, Author of "The Governor"

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